

FREE GRACE DISPLAYED, ⁷

IN THE

CONVERSION.

OF

TWO UNHAPPY PROSTITUTES.

“Is any thing too hard for the Lord?”

Gen. xviii. 14.

“This is a faithful saying and worthy of all ac-
ception that CHRIST JESUS came into the
world to save sinners.”

1 Tim. i. 15.

London:

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HYMN,

By the Rev. J. HART.



Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r,
He is able, He is able, He is able;
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy; come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify.

True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, &c.

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger;

Nor of fitness fondly dream,

All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of Him:

This He gives you, &c.

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,

Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;

If you tarry, till you're better,

You will never come at all,

Not the righteous, &c.

Sinners, Jesus came to call.



TO THE REV. MR. COOPER.

REV. SIR,

I TAKE the liberty to trouble you with the following account, as I think, if possible, we should at all times comply with the request of dying persons.

I was present a few weeks ago at the death of a young woman, and she desired me to inform you what the Lord had done for her, in bringing her out of darkness into his marvellous light, and saving her soul from everlasting torments.

On Wednesday evening, April 25, 1798, as I was coming out of Spa-Fields chapel, where I had been hearing you preach your awful sermon from Numbers xxxii. 23. "*Be sure* your sin will find you out." I heard a person close behind me weeping and sighing in great bitterness. I discerned that she was in great distress although she evidently strove to hide it. I thought I heard her speak to me, and therefore turned round: she seized on my hand and said, "Martha! Martha! I am damned to all eternity!—nothing can save me, nothing, nothing can save such a vile

wretch as I—I am lost and undone for ever.” “ My dear child, said I, nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can save poor sinners! He came to seek and to save the lost, and whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved;” still she wept bitterly. O said she, “ what must I do? what must I do?” Stop to do nothing, I replied, but come directly to Christ, he will receive you, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved; do you feel that you are a sinner? “ O yes, I do—indeed I do—I feel and know that I am a *great* sinner!” then, said I, there is a *Great Saviour*, ready and willing to receive you, and able to save you, fear not, go to him, he will have mercy on you.

She then made herself known to me, I recollected her person, having lived in the family a few years ago; her father was a Turkey merchant, and a very good man: she was born at Cranbrook in Kent, in 1778, and her name was Hannah S—. Her mother died when she was an infant, but her father brought her up with care and tenderness, and gave her a very genteel education; she was a girl of great understanding, but made an improper use of it; her person was remarkably hand-

some, which indeed proved her ruin, for being one night at a *public place of amusement*, a young nobleman saw her, and in a short time stole her from her father's house, and lived with her for three years. He then married another lady and went with her into Italy, leaving this poor creature, then only 18 years of age, destitute of all support; after which, as she informed me, she was obliged to go upon the town, and became a common Street-walker, "which wicked course," said she, "I have followed for two years." I asked her how it happened that she thought of coming to chapel? she answered that herself, and two other young creatures of the same wretched employment, came that afternoon to drink tea at Merlin's Cave, in Spa-fields, and intended in the evening to go to Sadler's Wells,* but God, who "moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," had designed otherwise; she informed me, that one of her companions said to her, "Now we are at Islington, suppose we go and hear Cooper, the preacher at Spa-fields to night, we need not stay longer than half an hour, and shall

* A house of public dissipation.—Parents keep your children from such places, as you value their souls.

be time enough to go to the Wells afterwards; we shall have fine fun at this Gospel Shop; Cooper will give us plenty of Hell and damnation"—We won't mind that, said another, so he don't burn our cloaths; we shall see plenty of fun no doubt, &c.

While she was telling me how they talked, and pleased themselves, she wept greatly, and said, "Ah, Martha! there will be no fun in the midst of hell flames."—"No, my dear child," said I, "No, Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."—We were then obliged to part, but she promised to come and see me in the morning.—I took hold of her hand at parting,—“No! cried she with great earnestness, do not shake hands with a *Prostitute* and *Murderer*.”—"I hope (said I,) you have not committed murder!"—"Yes replied she, I broke my dear father's heart, therefore I murdered him; and now I see hell ready open to receive me."—I think I shall never forget the horror of her countenance as she spoke these words—she entreated me to pray for her—I promised her that I would, and after speaking some comfortable words to her, we parted.

I was greatly distressed all night, fearing that (seeing the state of her mind was so dreadful) Satan might take the advantage of her, and tempt her to suicide. I was the more uneasy in the morning, because she did not come to my house as she had promised; nor did I hear of her until Friday night, when she sent a person to inform me that she was extremely ill, and that there was no hopes of her living until the morning. I cannot describe how much I was shocked at this unexpected news. The person whom she had sent, intreated me to accompany her to her young friend's dwelling, as she was very desirous to see me before her death; but I was afraid I should see the poor young creature dying in all the agonies of horrible despair. Indeed, when I considered the dreadful state of mind in which I saw her on Wednesday evening, I could expect nothing else—I therefore told the woman that I could not go with her, but would endeavour to visit her in the morning. However afterwards reflecting on my unnatural conduct, I repented and went to her that night. It was about ten o'clock when I reached her dwelling. I was informed that she was better than she had been; but I saw

that a few hours would terminate her life. She had with her a Clergyman who had been praying by her, and was then about to administer the Sacrament. When she saw me she said, "I am happy to see you, I hope you are come to rejoice with me." I replied, "I hope you have good ground for rejoicing."—"Yes," said she, "I have; I rely *wholly* and *confidently* on the blood and merits of my dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—I have no other dependence—O what has the blood of Jesus Christ done for me!"—she then asked me to receive the sacrament with her, which I did; real devotion and true contrition seemed to fill her heart during the administration of this solemn ordinance. The Clergyman afterwards took his leave—"I hope, said she, we shall meet in heaven;" and then exclaimed with rapture—"I see my dear Redeemer! he is standing with open arms ready to receive me! I shall soon be with him in glory. O, I pray you, tell Mr. Cooper what the Lord has done for me—how loud shall I sing in heaven! what do you think I shall sing?"—"My dear, said I, we shall all sing the same free grace and dying love." She now took hold of my hand

and said, "I hope I shall see your dear minister in heaven," and then prayed earnestly that the Lord would be pleased to continue you many years in this world, for the sake of poor wretched sinners; and many other things she said expressive of her great regard for you, as an instrument in God's hand, of plucking her as a brand from the burning. I asked her if she would take some refreshment, "No!" replied she. I am greatly refreshed, Jesus Christ is refreshing me every moment, and will do until he takes me unto himself. One of the young women who had accompanied her to the chapel came to bid her a last farewell.—Immediately on seeing her she said, "Do behold what havock sin has made in me!"—are you prepared to meet your God? "*Be sure* your sin will find you out!" I hope you will never forget that text nor the sermon—but I am now going—eternally farewell!!!"—The young woman went away and I was left with her—"Ah! my dear friend, said she, I earnestly pray that the whole world may be brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ."—Her pain was exquisite, her death being occasioned by an inflammation in her bowels; she took my

hand with the little strength she had, (for she was just expiring) and said—
 “ My dear friend, all is over, I am now going, God bless you and dear Mr. Cooper; tell him there will be another Prostitute in heaven.—Oh what has the precious blood of Jesus Christ done for me ! Farewell dear friend—farewell till we meet in glory ! ! ! ” She then expired in my arms with a heavenly smile upon her countenance.

Thus did God cut short his work in righteousness, brought a poor sinner to hear the gospel—convinced her of her state—applied the blood of Christ to her heart—made her rejoice in his love, and took her to himself within three days.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's sincerely,

Whitechapel.

M. F.

SIR,

THE great regard I have for you will not let me hide from you what I think will give you pleasure. The young woman whom I mentioned in my letter, who came to take a last farewell of her dying companion, came to me this morning. The moment I saw her I perceived a great alteration in her, which gave me much pleasure. She said she was

going into the country, to live with her mother, who is lately left a widow. " Ah ! " said she, " I cannot now live in the practice of sin.—No, I hate sin.—I see the exceeding sinfulnes of it : —but there is a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. You know dear Hannah, who is now in heaven, was washed in that fountain, and it remains open." She added, " What a dear Jesus, to shed his precious blood for such vile sinners ! How precious is Christ to me ! I feel this moment more than language can utter." Indeed she is drawn by the cords of love.

Dear Sir, I am " lost in wonder, love, and praise ! " how gracious has the Lord dealt with these poor sinners ! One he has taken to heaven, and the other, I hope, is a brand snatched from the burning. She told me she was at Spafelds Chapel the evening you took leave of the congregation, and the word was greatly blessed to her. Indeed, the state she is now in, and the truly wretched sinful condition she was in so lately, seems to be almost like a dream. But why should I wonder ? I know with God all things are possible.

This poor dear girl is but seventeen years old ; she has lived an infamous

life, she told me, a year and a half; but I hope God will keep her the rest of her life, and be the guide of youth. She has not seen her mother for a year and a half, but she wrote to her last week, and told her that she had seen the error of her ways, and it was her wish to return, if she would receive and forgive her. Her mother sent her a very affectionate answer, which the young woman gave me to read. Indeed her mother is like the father of the prodigal; she is happy that she will return home, and will receive her most gladly. She says, "My dear child, you know I am very poor and distressed; notwithstanding, if you will return home, I will provide for you, till God shall direct you what to do for your living." She sets off to-morrow evening to go to her mother, who lives in Wiltshire. I do hope and pray that God may go with her and protect her, and carry on the good work which he has begun in her.*

M—— F——.

Whitechapel, June 8th, 1798.

* See Evangelical Magazine for July, 1798.

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